Which 1400 yeares agoe were nail'd,
For our advantage on the bitter Croſſe:
But this our purpoſe is but twelue months old,
And bootleſſe 'tis to tell you, we will goe.
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Coſin *Weſtmerland*,
What yeſter night our Counſell did decree,
In forwarding his deare expedience.
Weſt. My Liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the charge ſet downe;
But yeſternight, when all athwart, there came
A Poſt from *Wales*, loaden with heavy newes;
Whoſe worſt was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herfordſhire*, to fight
Againſt the irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welſhman taken,
A thouſand of his people butcherd:
Upon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly ſhameleſſe transformation
By thoſe Welſh-women done, as may not be
Without much ſhame, retold or ſpoken of.
King. It ſeemes then, that the tydings of this broyle
Brake off our buſineſſe for the Holy-land.
Weſt. This match with other like, my Gracious Lord;
Far more uneven and unwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotſpur* there
Yong *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
That very valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did ſpend
A ſad and bloody houre:
As by diſcharge of their Artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take Horſe,
Uncertane of the iſſue any way.
King. Here is a deare, and true induſtrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horſe,

Stain'd

Stain'd with the variations of each
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this ſeat
And he hath brought us ſmooth and
The Earle of *Dowglas* is diſcomfited
Ten thouſand bold *Scots*, two and tw
Balkt in their own blood, did ſir *Wa*
On *Holmedon* plaine: of priſoners *H*
Mordake Earle of *Fife*, and eldeſt
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earle of
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*:
And is not this an honorable ſpoyle
A gallant prize? Ha, Coſin, is it not
Weſt. A conqueſt for a Prince to b
King. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad
In envy that my Lord *Northumberl*
Should be the Father of ſo bleſt a S
A Sonne, who is the Theame of hon
Amongſt a Grove, the very ſtraighteſt
Who is ſweete Fortunes Minion, and
Whil'ſt I by looking on the prayſe of
See Ryot and diſhonour ſtaine the br
Of my yong *Harry*, O that it could
That ſome night-tripping *Fairy* had
In cradle cloathes our children where
And cal'd mine *Percy*, his Plantagine
Then would I have his *Harry*, and he
But let him from my thoughts. What
Of this yong *Percies* pride? The Priſ
Which he in this adventure hath ſurpr
To his own uſe he keepes, and ſends
I ſhall have none but *Mordake* Earle
Weſt. This is his Unkles teaching, t
Malevolent to you in all aſpects:
Which makes him prune himſelfe, and
The creſt of youth againſt your dignit
King. But I have ſent for him to anſ
And for this cauſe a while we muſt n
Our holy purpoſe to *Ieruſalem*.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37